



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Of all the evils that afflict man, imaginary evils are the most grievous; for all others a remedy can be provided; hope pours its balm into the wound, or we are solaced and supported by the sympathy of friends; but imaginary ones create a sickness of the mind which preys upon our vitals; we meet with no commiseration; and, left entirely to ourselves, we brood over our misfortune, gradually sink under the pressure of the load of ill, and life itself becomes a burden to the miserable hypochondriac.

Various instances are on record of the extraordinary effects produced by the force of imagination. We have read of a lady who, under its influence, supposing herself a China teapot, would suffer no person to approach, lest she should receive irreparable injury; of a gentleman who, under the impression that part of his body was made of glass, forbore to sit for many months, and suffered the greatest inconvenience rather than endanger the fragile material. These facts are ludicrous; but a more melancholy one is related of a gentleman who conceived he had grown so large as to be unable to pass through the door of his apartment, and who, on an attempt being made to force him through, and so convince him of his error, actually imagined he was crushed to pieces, and expired on the spot.

Another gentleman of rank and fortune, in the county of Cork, fancied one leg was a Papist and the other a Protestant, and frequently put the poor Popish leg outside the bed clothes, to punish it for its religious errors.

The most remarkable instance of such extraordinary infatuation that has ever come to our knowledge was that of a gentleman who resided, some seventy years since, in a certain town, not thirty miles from the metropolis, the circumstances of which, as they have come down by tradition, we will proceed to relate, first premising, that as the immediate descendants of the hero of our tale are living, and moving in the highest ranks of society, it will be proper for obvious reasons, to suppress both names and dates.

Squire B. was a gentleman of rank and fortune, possessed of every requisite to make life comfortable, and apparently not having a wish ungratified; blest with health, wealth, and friends in abundance, he had mounted smoothly up the hill of life, and, now past his climacteric, was going as smoothly down; having acquired by age, and a certain temperament of character, a rubicund visage, a clear indication he was not averse to the good things of this life and occasionally enjoyed them, and a most respectable roundness of figure, that conferred honour on the worshipful corporation that numbered him among their most efficient members, which spoke trumpet-tongued in favour of the extent of his gastronomic attainments.

But, alas for human nature! with all his attainments, Squire B. was an unhappy man; for, reader, he was envious; the very abundance of his blessings was his greatest curse; having nothing to do, he was overpowered with fatigue; having nothing to care for, he became the victim of anxiety; and apparently free from trouble, he was loaded with difficulties; at certain seasons every thing annoyed him; the very revolution of the sun in his course was a matter of concern, and the fitful changing of the wind, added to his perplexity, and caused him insufferable anguish.

We are not prepared to say that such was the case continually—no; at times he could enjoy the world and all things in it; but, as every rose has its thorn, and there is no earthly happiness without its alloy, so there were seasons, and these were those of joy and festivity, such as Michaelmas day and “July the first,” on which occasions he considered himself called on, by an extraordinary display of trencher ability, to attest his loyalty and devotedness to the good old cause; but, alas! after such repletions, his pains and anxieties generally came on with redoubled violence, and he became the absolute prey of cholic and the blue devils.

It chanced that nearly opposite his residence a worthy son of St. Crispin, *alias* a cobbler, had taken up his abode; his domicile, only consisted of—

“a stall,
Which served him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall.”

And here, having nothing to eat but as it was earned, he had no time to be sick; he was cheerful and contented; satisfied, if, by mending the soles and repairing the broken down *understandings* of the lieges, he could obtain sufficient for the supply of his present necessities, he gave care to the winds, and

“Carolled away idle sorrow,
And blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Looked forward with hope till to-morrow;”

while his loud laugh and merry catch and song might be heard, in concert with the tap-tap of his hammer, from dawn till dusk, issuing from the humble bulk in which he followed his avocation.

Of all the various troubles that troubled, tantalized, and tormented the aforesaid unhappy gentleman, the greatest—the sorest affliction, was the merry cobbler; not that the poor man ever did him any harm—no; but it grieved him to his heart's core to see him so happy, and himself so miserable; in short, he was the object of his envy, then of his dislike, and lastly, he regarded him with the greatest abhorrence and detestation; and considering the poor man his mortal foe, he was firmly convinced that, for the sole and express purpose of annoying and tormenting him, he commenced work earlier in the morning, made his hammer tell more distinctly, sung his song louder, and laughed heartier than was at all necessary; in fact, if he had an antipathy in the world, it was the worthy cobbler.

Now, be it known to all concerned, that, on a certain morning in the month of July, 17—, the sun had risen in unclouded majesty, and beheld the gentleman and the cobbler each in his respective position—the former sunk in his bed of down, suffering under the effects of the last night's repletion, tossed restlessly from side to side, and vainly endeavoured to obtain

“Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

The latter had just shaken himself from his bed of straw and, light of heart and empty of pocket, had commenced his work and his song together.

Squire B. had got himself into that state, between asleep and awake, in which our thoughts, floating loosely around us, become confused, and various and divers creations of the imagination flit across the brain. Suddenly the loud laugh and song of the cobbler struck upon his tympanum, and, in an instant, conjured up the most frightful ideas, under the influence of which he supposed the door of his chamber burst open, and his enemy, loaded with all the paraphernalia of his profession, rushed into the room, and without ceremony, or as much as “by y'r leave,” jumped bodily down his throat, and made a secure lodgment in his interior.

Greatly alarmed, and now “wide awake,” he roared out lustily for assistance, and rung his bell with violence. On the servant making his appearance, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, how he had dared to leave his hall door open at such an early hour? The servant, surprised at his vehemence, answered submissively, he had not opened it, that it was still locked and bolted. “I say, sir,” said his now infuriated master, “it was open; for that rascally cobbler over the way has this instant bolted into the room, and leaped down my throat into my belly.”

“Oh, sir,” said the astonished man, “such a thing cannot be; the door is still fast, and the poor man is there beyond in his bulk; if your honour just gets up, and comes to the window, you can see him.”

“Hah! you villain,” returned his master, “is that the way?—now I see you are in league with him! Do you think I can get up with the weight of a damned cobbler in my belly? Do you want me to burst? Oh! oh!” and he groaned with unutterable anguish, “was there ever a man like me, so prettily fixed, as to have a cobbler in his belly?”

The servant firmly convinced his master had become deranged, hastened to alarm the family; and, in a short time, the bed of the invalid was surrounded by a numerous assemblage of friends and relatives, to whom he related, with great minuteness and precision, the circumstances of his case. He found it difficult to convince any of the truth of his assertions, particularly as the identical cobbler was to be seen in his bulk opposite, singing and hammer-

ing away as usual. As for his honour, he stoutly maintained, in opposition to all, it was a fact—swore they were all a pack of knaves, who had a design on him, and had bribed the cobbler—declared he felt him inwardly, and would not credit the evidence of his other senses; for in order to convince him he was deceived, the cobbler had been brought into his room. A fit of cholic aiding his delusion, he exclaimed on seeing him, “Oh, no! that is not the man, though very like him, he is not the fellow at all; here he is,” and he laid his hand despondingly on his protuberance, “and to my cost I know that ‘seeing’s believing, but feeling has no fellow.’”

Medical practitioners were now called in, who also exerted all their eloquence to convince him of his error; in vain they contended that such a case was never known from the days of Hippocrates down; it was impossible, they affirmed (and offered to demonstrate), from the nature of solids, that a body the size of a cobbler could at all enter the aperture of the mouth, or descend the passage of the gullet; and even supposing, for the sake of argument, that he had forced an entrance into the stomach, yet the active nature of the gastric juice was such as would effectually destroy the principle of vitality, and consequently deprive him of life. “Bah!” said the sufferer, “it is all fine talk; you want to persuade me I am a fool; you are a set of ignorant quacks, who do not understand the nature of my disorder, and know nothing of the pain and inconvenience a man must suffer who has a cobbler in his belly.”

In this state matters remained for some days, during which period indigestion performed its part, and the patient grew worse; his unusual distension of belly he attributed to the presence of his internal foe; the hollow rumbling of the wind through the caverns of his bowels he averred was the echo of songs and laughter; and the twinges and pangs of cholic, he was firmly persuaded, were caused by the awls and pincers of the cobbler, who, he said, amused himself by tacking his liver and lights together. Eat or drink he would not, determined to starve the enemy from the citadel; and ever and anon he addressed his inward foe, and endeavoured to persuade him of the impropriety of his conduct thus: “My good fellow, what have I ever done to you, that you should treat me in this way? I never injured you, and why do you annoy me? Do now, like a good fellow, come up, and I give you my word and honour I will never say a word about it; I will be a friend to you as long as I live; I’ll give you all my custom, and set you up in a grand shop of your own, and make you the prince of shoemakers. But you won’t—no; there you stick! Now, by George, I will make them take you, when I am dead, and hang you as high as Haman, as a warning to all ambitious cobblers, to teach them to be content with their lot, and not attempt to force themselves into company so much above them.”

All would not do; the cobbler kept his ground, manœuvre threats and persuasions, and seemed determined to stick to the *last*, until both should go down to the grave together.

At length, a doctor, attached to a regiment then in garrison, heard of the untoward transaction, and having seen some foreign service, and attentively studied human nature, he at once perceived the only chance of recovery for the unfortunate Mr. B. was by humouring his whim. Being, moreover, in want of cash, and understanding the encumbered gentleman was rich, and would willingly pay well for a safe delivery, he determined to act the part of accoucheur, and ease both pocket and paunch together. For this purpose, he caused himself to be introduced; and, on his making the necessary inquiries as to the how, where, and when, had the circumstances minutely detailed by the invalid, who wound up his tale of woe by the anxious inquiry, “Do you think, sir, you can do any thing for me, or has a case of the same nature ever come under your observation?”

The doctor, after a few wise nods, and expressive shakes, declared that certainly his case was a very peculiar one; “but, however,” said he, “it is not entirely new to me—several of the same class of disorders have occurred to me on the continent, but few so severe; and I have myself assisted at the safe delivery of a German prince of a brood of young ducks. I have no doubt but I can be of service.”

“By Jove, you are a sensible fellow!” cried his delighted auditor; “the other blockheads would not believe me; but you are the man for my money; and do you think you can dispossess the cobbler?”

“Not a doubt of it,” rejoined the doctor; “it is only necessary for you to follow implicitly my directions, and take what I prescribe for you.”

“Oh, that I will with pleasure,” cried the other; “for, if you credit me, I would rather than one thousand pounds the scoundrel was out of my belly, and made an example of; for it is impossible I should ever enjoy a moment’s ease while he is in it.”

“Well, sir, take courage,” said the sage; “by this time to-morrow we will make the villain glad to shift his quarters.”

It was finally arranged that at noon the ensuing day operations should commence, and the cobbler be dispossessed “*vi et armis*.”

Morning came, and his honour was all expectation and hope; he had the past night rested better than usual; for his mind was, in some degree, calmed by the assurances of the doctor; and he would occasionally slap his belly with exultation, and chuckle at the idea of the storm that was brewing over the head of the devoted cobbler. In the mean time, his friend was not idle; he had, by the promise of a gratuity secured the assistance of the innocent cause of all the disturbance—engaged him to be ready at the appointed time, and to bring with him to the scene of action his ends, his awls, his lasts, his leather, and lap-stone; and when every thing was prepared, he visited his patient. “Well, sir,” said he, “how have you passed the night?”

“Indeed, rather better than usual; the lad within has, I suppose, overheard our conversation, and thinks he will get leave to remain, provided he keeps quiet; but out he must come, will he, nill he. Now, sir, I am ready; how and when will you begin, or what am I to do, for I am all impatience.”

“Sir,” said the doctor, “you have only to take this emetic—it is very powerful, and, I think, will be sufficient to dislodge him; if not, we will attack him from below; but first we will try the emetic. You must drink plentifully of warm water; and, as straining is very hurtful to the eyes, you will allow me to tie this napkin over yours.”

“Oh, my dear sir, I am entirely yours—do with me as you like; but dispossess the cobbler.”

So saying, he breathed a mental prayer for his safe delivery; and first requesting a bandage might be passed round his circumference, lest he should burst, he resigned himself to the doctor, and took the emetic. Being carefully lifted, he was placed in an easy chair, with a large tub of water at his feet; and, in due time, the medicine beginning to operate, the napkin was placed on his eyes, and he began to eject the contents of his stomach. After a few gulps, the doctor flung some scraps of leather and a last into the tub, and exclaiming, “Courage, sir! here are some of his matters,” removed the napkin; and the delighted invalid perceiving them floating in the water, looked with contempt at the bystanders, and cried, “Now, ye unbelievers!—now will ye credit your eyes?—now will ye say the cobbler is not in my belly?”

“Keep a good heart, sir,” said his friend; “a few more struggles, and we will have the ruffian himself in spite of his teeth.”

The napkin was again replaced, and taking a hearty draught of tepid water, he valiantly prepared himself for another onslaught; gradually as the emetic performed its office, the several articles of the “kit” made their appearance; and finally, during a severe paroxysm, the doctor hailed him with the joyful tidings that he was sure that the cobbler himself was coming. At length a heavy plunge, accompanied by a shout from the doctor, met his delighted ear; when, tearing the napkin from his eyes, he perceived the cobbler darting quick as lightning from the tub, and flying out of the room. Instantly he pursued, but failing to catch him, he returned, light of heart and easy in mind, highly gratified with the result, and well-pleased at the drenching he conceived he had given the cobbler.

It is needless to add, the doctor was liberally rewarded. Through the effects of medicine and exercise, Mr. B. re-

covered his health and spirits. In time, he would smile at his own conceits; and if any of his friends chanced to mention the cobbler, he contented himself by remarking, "*Nemo mortalium, omnibus horis sapit.*" R. A.

THE PLUNKET ARMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—Every one who contributes to the stock of historic material, by copying inscriptions or making sketches of the remains of by-gone ages, is entitled to the gratitude of his fellow men; and it is the duty of every lover of his country, to rescue from destruction any remains which throw a light on the acts of the olden time. Your ingenious correspondent, R. Armstrong, by the interesting sketch given in your 57th number, page 293, has placed in safety the memorial of a nobleman's marriage, which might be valuable in a legal, as well as a literary point of view; and he will not be offended at my correcting the erroneous conjectures into which he has fallen respecting the import of the arms sculptured on the stone, which have nothing whatever to do with the city of Dublin.

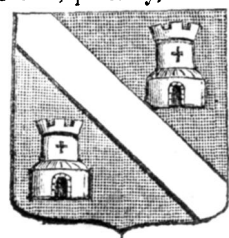
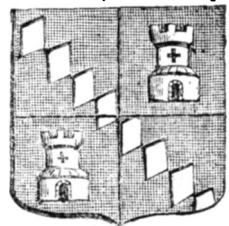
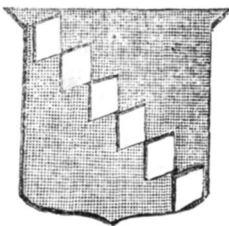
The arms represented are those of Christopher, Lord of Howth, who died 24th October, 1589, and of Elizabeth Plunket, his first wife, who was the daughter of Sir John Plunket, of Bewley, in the County of Louth. The arms on the sinister, or wife's side, are those of Plunket—sable, a bend, and in sinister chief a tower, argent; the letter C is the initial of Christopher, and E, of Elizabeth. This lady died many years before her husband, but was the mother of his children. By his second wife he had no issue.

It may not be unacceptable to state a few facts respecting the singular and somewhat odd changes which, in the lapse of ages, take place even in family arms, from accidental circumstances, so as even to render them totally different from what they originally were.

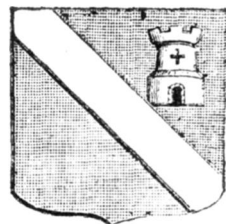
I have in my possession a copy of a very old MS. of the arms of the ancient families of Ireland, in which the arms of the Plunkets of Beaulieu, the head branch of that noble family, are represented as *sable, a bend of lozenges argent*, which are the arms of the ancient Plonkenets of England and Normandy; and Camden, who in his *Britannia*, mentions the Plunkets among the ancient families of Ireland, states that they bore the *bend of lozenges for arms*, as the old Plonkenets of England.

In the fifteenth century, Christopher Plunket, third son of Christopher, the first Lord Killeen, married the daughter and sole heir of Richard, third Earl of Kildare and Baron of Ophaley, by Anne, daughter and eventual sole heir of Sir Nicholas de Castlemartin Jere, of Dunsany, Croskyle, Dangen, &c. &c.; and having obtained the Castlemartin estate by this marriage, his son Richard Plunket, the second Lord Dunsany, quartered the arms of Castlemartin with his own, as in the margin. In process of time this marriage with the Castlemartins became forgotten, and although the arms, as here depicted, are emblazoned in the oldest books of heraldry of Ireland, the family know not why they bear the tower in their arms.

Some ancient stone fixed on the front, probably, of the castle of Dunsany, became defaced, and the divisions of the shield and the lozenges obliterated, so as to represent the bend as between two castles, and the arms as one field only, as in the margin; and thus the arms of Plunket appear in another sketch in an old MS. in my possession.



Time again interferes, and produces another change, by defacing the lower castle, and thus produced the arms of the Plunkets as now borne—*Sa: a bend, and in chief sinister a tower, argent.*



It is also a remarkable fact, that this bearing has been adopted by all the branches of the Plunkets, as well those descended from the family of Dunsany, as the Beaulieus, Louths, Killeens, (now Fingal,) &c. &c., whereas not one of them has the smallest pretension to quarter the arms of Castlemartin, and their adoption of the tower was altogether an assumption through inadvertence.

Stradbroke-House,
April 24, 1833.

W. BETHAM, Ulster.

THE ONE MYSTERY.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

'Tis idle:—we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain:
All-baffled reason cannot wander
Beyond her chain.
The flood of life runs dark—dark clouds
Make lampless night around its shore:
The dead, where are they? In their shrouds—
Man knows no more!
Evoke the Ancient and the Past:
Will one illuming star arise?
Or must the film from first to last
O'erspread thine eyes?
When life, love, glory, beauty wither,
Will wisdom's page or science' chart
Map out for thee the region whither
Their shades depart?
Supposest thou the wondrous powers
To high imaginations given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,
O! sayest thou the soul shall climb
That magic mount she trod of old,
Ere childhood's time?
And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to Glory's name?
And shall the conquering Love that filled
All earth with flame,
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal
Of death and night?
No more, no more:—With aching brow,
And restless heart, and burning brain,
We ask the When, the Where, the How,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly, all celestial lore,
Have but ONE voice, which only saith,
Endure,—adore!

CLARENCE.

It is with some pleasure that we have observed that the machine for compressing turf, of which we gave a plate and description in our 38th number, has been very warmly recommended by Sir Edward Lees, in a letter to the Secretary of the Dublin Royal Society, as calculated to be very serviceable to the peasantry of Ireland. It is to be hoped that the subject will attract general attention.

DUBLIN:
Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Back-lane, Walk,
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.
In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler; in
Birmingham by Drake; in Edinburgh by
R. Grant and Son; Glasgow by Niven, Jun. and in
London by Joseph Robins, Bride Court, Fleet-st.